Fal. What ſhall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſ.Ford. There they alwayes vſe to diſcharge their Bir-ding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ.Ford: Hee will ſeeke there on my word; Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile goe out then:

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſ.Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no woman gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuiſe ſomething; any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford* has a gowne aboue.

Miſ.Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſ.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; hee ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſ.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell, and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſ.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.

Miſ.Ford. Wee'l try that: for ile appoint my m
ry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore wi
they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently
dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Miſt.Ford. Ile firſt direct my men, what t
doe with the basket: Goe vp, ile bring linnen
ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhonſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doe,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the bas basket againe
ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if he bi
it downe, obey him; quickly, diſpatch.

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it vp.

2 *Ser.* Pray heauen it be not full of Knight again

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much le

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Maſter *Page*) haue
way then to vnfoole mee againe. Set downe th
villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a
Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin
a conſpiracie againſt mee. Now ſhall the diuel b
What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold w
neſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Maſter *Ford*, you are n
looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde,
dogge.

Shal. Indeed Maſter *Ford*, this is not well indee

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *For*
Ford, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertu
ture that hath the iealous foole to her husband:
without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?